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That mirror of yours



107 0 8

Chapter 1 by younique

I run down the hallway, skidding on the dusty floor in my socks to the door. When I open it, an unwelcome surprise meets my eyes.

"Amanda," I manage to choke out, "how nice to see you." The glare she gives me makes me drop all pretenses.

I sigh, "what do you want?" because Amanda, my sister, always wants something.

Her many chins wobble indignantly, "mother sent me to show you what a wonderful life you can lead if you only get a husband and settle down." This didn't look like such a wonderful life to me. Amanda's husband was a tall thin man that looked like he would be blown over by the slightest gust of wind, with no backbone at all. Their young daughter was a pretty thing, but looked itchy and irritated in the stiff clothes Amanda had no doubt forced her to wear. As a matter of fact, all of them were wearing their best clothes, but they didn't look so nice anymore. Trudging in the wilderness to get to my house had taken a toll on all of them and their clothes. I smiled at the thought, and then remembered Amanda was speaking to me. She didn't look like she needed my help with the conversation though

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"Alice, Alice. Wake up! We need you, Alice," they whispered, taking turns creeping me out. They were short and were a dark blue that looked almost black. One of them was wearing a child's Christmas sweater over some over-large tights and the other was just wearing a hat, like they hadn't gotten the hang of clothing yet. Then again, it might have just been cold. You never know with Wonderland.

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